





This case was finally adjourned till yesterday morning, when, upon the reassembling of the court, the counsel for the prisoner announced their determination to waive further resistance for the present, and the cause was accordingly continued, and the trial of his trial upon the charge of a murderous assault.

It may, perhaps, well be to sustain, that an abuse is based upon the facts of this assault by the two slaves, Tom and Stephens, whom he was ready to escape from slavery some weeks since, when the officers of police and others, who had followed him from this city, beyond the Maryland line, were about to arrest him and his party.

For THE NATIONAL ERA.

DERNE.

Night on the city of the West!  
On mosque and tower, and white walled shore,  
On seaviews where oceanous knoll  
The nameless hangs its mask,  
The sun is down, the stars are tall,  
And plumed Christian caravans!

The sounds of Molon lid are still;

The morn bell hails the down the hill;

Strode in the heart of the khan,

Like steed in steed, bent and man;

The Khan is drawing in his tent,

The heavy Arap tongue o'er-spiral.

The khan is dead, the Khan is gone,

The merchant with his wares withdrawn,

High pillow'd on some pirate's breast.

He is dead, and where noontide falls

Alang the Bosphorus' gashed wall,

Or like some headless hawk, the crew,

Or counts with face his golden hoard,

The City of the Khan steps!

But when yon purple long and low

Stands on the shore, the sun goes down,

Chafed by the eastern wrath of waves,

There watch and pine the Christian slaves—

rough-housed men, whose fair-of-wives

Are like the sun, when it is dead,

And stars where scattered footfalls fall.

The steamer Khan, like a hundred galleys,

With a thousand oars, comes to the port,

